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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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THE IRISH DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE THAT WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR WITH.

PUCK.

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We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one hundred and fifty times more.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We do not clearly see why the Irishmen in Philadelphia should have made a little declaration of independence of their own. We in this country are already pretty fairly familiar with the principle that an Irishman is as good as any other man, and as much better as the other man will permit him to be. The Irish declaration of independence has been read in our kitchens, many and many a time, to frightened housewives, and the fruits of that declaration are to be seen in thousands of ill-cooked meals on ill-served tables, in unswept rooms and unmade beds, in dirt, confusion, insubordination and general disorder, taking the sweetness out of domestic life. Declaration of Independence! Why, the Irish in this country have made a declaration of Autocratic Supremacy, and are acting up to it.

* * *

It is a most extraordinary thing that the Irish people, of all the peoples of the earth, can never be satisfied. They have almost taken our country from us—they have certainly taken our national honor from us—and yet, at the least symptom of a tendency on the part of the American people to assert their own modest rights as human beings, all Ireland in America rises up and howls like bleeding Kansas. To hear the wail of the son of Erin when he has done wrong and there is some feeble talk of punishing him for his crimes, as other men are punished, no one would ever think that this down-trodden wretch is the same lordly stranger who governs us by the grace of the Sixth Ward,

and who holds half the press of this land in subservient bondage to the "Irish vote." Irish Declaration of Independence, indeed!

* * *

What a hollow terror it is, this Irish vote—the bugbear of American journalism! And what a disgrace it is to see the great papers of a great country truckling to a handful of ignorant emigrants, who, without a particle of sympathy for our political aims and ambitions, without the slightest understanding of our needs, have forced themselves, by sheer audacity and unprincipled impudence, into the high places of our local government, and have even carried their private and personal animosities into our national councils! To-day the British Government demands the extradition of three Irishmen suspected of murder, who have fled to this country; and there is not a daily newspaper in this city that has the courage and honesty to frankly declare that if, on the usual examination, there is shown sufficient cause for the extradition of these men, they should be handed over to England for trial. Declaration of Irish Independence, indeed! It seems to us that there is pressing need of a new Declaration of American Independence.

* * *

They are a motley crowd who are off to Europe at this buoyant spring season. Prize-fighters, singers, actresses, managers and others are among them, and each and every one carries weighty evidence of success with Americans. The artists express their satisfaction in various ways; but it is easy for people of any nationality to do this when gold inspires the speaker.

* * *

First comes Nilsson, who may possibly feel jealous of her great rival, Patti, who has Mr. Nicolini to help carry the sacks of shekels. But Nilsson is coming back again to Henry E. Abbey, and may, in the end, carry off a bigger bag than Patti, who is handicapped by bad, blustering Cockney management. She will at least have the privilege of opening the handsome new up-town Opera House. The British volunteer field-marshal will happily not be needed for that interesting event. The great Salvini quits our shores some sixty thousand dollars the richer; while the Maori prize-fighter, Slade, having given us a slight taste of his qual-

ity, goes to Great Britain to find out if he really is all that his tutor, Mace, has represented him. That excellent actor, Barnay, also betakes himself homeward, followed by the Jersey Lily, Mrs. Langtry, who will add a few more thousand dollars to her pile before leaving us. No wonder America is popular with artists.

* * *

The year has rolled round again to the dog-show season, and, not to be behind the times, we present our canine cartoon, which is really worthy of study. The animals are familiar to everybody, and need no comment, either on their beauties or their peculiarities.

"PICKINGS FROM PUCK"

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THE IRISH QUESTION ON "THE ROCKS."



A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF SHANTYTOWN DEFINES HIS POSITION.

THE TOWN TERRIER.



I was taking my afternoon siesta in an Albany sewer, when I was rudely awakened from my gentle and dreamy slumber by State Senator Grady.

"Be aisy, now," he said, in a sepulchral voice: "Do you know why I won't let those durrty spalpeens of New Yarrk citizens have anything to do with the building of the Aque-duct?"

"No," I answered.

"Bedad, and it's because the Tammany members refuse to vote for changing the name to the Whiskeyduct."

Ex-Secretary Robeson called on me at my hall-bedroom, situated

at the top of Trinity Church steeple. Our meeting was of a most cordial character.

After discussing a few trivial matters connected with the navy, Sec asked if I had any intention of putting in tenders for constructing the new cruisers.

"Yes," I replied: "provided you'll join me. I have a few certified checks for \$30,000 lying about loose, so we will be able to comply with the conditions; but without your co-operation, my dearest Secor, I should abandon the project."

"You must not think of that," said the Ex-Secretary, earnestly: "You don't know with what anxiety I have looked forward to these contracts. I calculate that, with the assistance of John Roach and the Cramps, we can just fix ourselves in clover for the remainder of our existence."

"Say no more, Sec," I said, as I filled in several \$230,000 checks, already certified in blank: "Go on, buy your engines and steel, and let happiness be showered upon us."

While I was stealing a ride on a Broadway stage, on Monday morning, I met my ancient and devoted friend the Duke of Westminster.

"Westy," I said—that was always my manner of addressing him: "why have you cast all your dignity to the winds, and are content to ride on the step of a simple 'bus, to avoid diminishing by five cents your vast wealth?"

"It must seem strange," said the Duke, with a touch of melancholy in his tones: "but the truth is that the doctrines of Henry George are becoming so firmly fixed in the minds of the proletariat that I thought I'd better skip, while there was yet time, and come to New York to start a daily newspaper. Will you," said the Duke in a low tone, as he drew his handkerchief, lifted his coronet and wiped his heated brow: "will you be the editor?"

My silence gave consent; then the Duke, wrapping his martial and highly emblazoned cloak around him, surreptitiously slipped off at Houston Street, to read Sophocles's "Oedipus Tyrannus" to Harry Hill.

Said Dr. Dix to me, a few days ago, while I was busily engaged in counting the trade-dollars in the United States Treasury, assisted by Arthur Penn and Julian Hawthorne:

"Don't you think, sir, that the higher education of women is calculated to disturb the psychological theories that meander through the sphenoid and ethmoid osseous formations? And if you think so, what is to become of

those coruscations of sanctimonious grace that illumine the cloud-capped towers of ethereal infinity?"

I answered in a somewhat *brusque* manner, I fear; for, hitting the reverend gentleman in the eye with a new five-cent piece, I said:

"Come off; this isn't Dix's land."

He then retired, with gloom upon his countenance.

Why do people smile because my beloved twin-brother, James Gordon Bennett, almost "piled up" my yacht *Namouna* at Villefranche? I see nothing funny about it. I had the *Namouna* specially built to run with equal ease on land or sea.

It was only when Jim was trying to give her a little galop ashore, to see how the machinery worked, that a number of by-standers began to laugh as if they'd never seen a ship run ashore before.

This caused a little uneven handling, but no harm was done.

Whenever I meet Billy Evarts I am irresistibly reminded of an incident which occurred when we were at school together. Bill and I were rivals for the favor of the Queen of Sheba, who used to go to the same academy, and on one occasion Bill bought her half-a-pound of taffy, which he sent to her by a small boy. I intercepted the small boy, overcame him, relieved him of his saccharine burden, and bore it myself to Her Majesty, who immediately accepted me as her privileged suitor. Had I cared to continue the acquaintance, I might have married her in after life; but even at the tender age of nine years I was so surfeited with feminine flattery that I took only a transient interest in the smiles of any woman. As Billy said to me, when, long years after, we met at the Geneva Convention: "Dear boy, I forgive you. You could not help it. You are a butterfly, careering from one bright flower to another, and they all open their petals to welcome you." It was a neat poetical idea of William's, and I advised him to have it patented. I believe he did take out a caveat for it; but, as he often remarked, although he certainly had some poetical ability it made him tired and despondent to think how much better I could do that sort of thing than he ever could hope to.

PRESIDENTIAL RHYMING.

President Arthur would like to go farther;
Mulligan Blaine wants to "rise to Maine-tain;"
Governor Butler will try to be subtler;
And Bayard will play hard the treasure to gain.

The great David Davis is anxious to save us;
And Dana would gain a small boom if he can;
And Cleveland would heave land and Edmunds would
shed funds;
And Hewitt will woo it, to be the best man.

Lothario Conkling will fast, like a monk, cling;
And Lincoln will blink on a chance and go by;
And Mr. John Kelly will pound into jelly
Ex-President Tilden, who 's buildin' so high.

John Sherman and Thurman would each dance a Ger-
man;

And Hancock he can cock his gun for a shot;
And Randall will handle the light of his candle;
And Folger, old soldier, will try for the pot.

And Grant he will pant for a third term and can't;
And Logan's big brogans will march in the ranks;
And Hendricks will lend tricks, and Evarts play knave
arts—

But all of these boomers will only draw blanks.
H. C. DODGE.

Puckerings.

THE MAN TO FILL A VACANCY—David Davis.

RUSHING BUSINESS—Catching a Ferry-Boat.

THE SMALL BOY makes the greatest racket
The day he meets the yellow-jacket.

WHAT IS THIS? This is a tomb-stone.
What is it growing out of? A man.
Why? He changed his underclothing.

HUMAN GENEROSITY is beautifully illustrated
by the pugilist who offers to meet a brother-
professional if the latter will give him five
pounds.

THE SMALL BOY now to walk on stilts
Doth joyously commence.
But doesn't he feel sick when he
Sits on a painted fence?

IT IS now getting warm enough for a woman
to stand out in the damp grass and look over
the fence to see what kind of paper her neighbor
is putting on her walls.

THIS SUMMER farmers will offer special board-
ing-rates to dudes, as several of these creatures
will make it unnecessary for the farmers to
make and set out scarecrows.

SENATOR ANTHONY's latest illness was caused,
it is said, by eating a partridge. This seems
rather an unlikely story, unless the Senator ate
the bird at a railroad lunch-counter.

IT MAKES the small boy jump
As high as any pard,
When he 's drinking at the pump
And the other boy pumps too hard.

AND NOW the swell young man goes around
and says that he will spend this summer at
Saratoga and the White Mountains; and when
July arrives, he will engage a hall-room on
Bleecker Street and camp out there for the
heated term.

AND NOW doth the small boy knock a picket
off the fence to use for a bat, and when he gets
a swift ball on the end of it, he lays it down
and rubs his hands against his sides, and looks
sadder than the "before-using-portrait" of an
anti-lean advertisement.

THIS IS the time of the year that the young
man out of employment goes and sits on a dock
all day, and doesn't get a bite. He thinks it
lots of fun; but if he were paid two dollars a
day for doing it, he would pretend he was sick,
to get away to carry bricks.

Now THE dew is on the rose,
Now the poet doth propose,
Now the rooster loudly crows,
Now we purchase summer-clothes,
Now the dappled heifer lows,
..... nose,
..... blows,
..... nose.
These are the editor's spring-time woes.

THE OTHER day, when the Czar was walking
through the Kremlin, he stepped on a banana-
skin; but his imagination has become so lively
of late that he won't believe it was a banana-
skin, but maintains that it was something of a
more infernal nature. Now, what would the
Czar think if he were to eat a ready-made
American cocoanut-pie under the impression
that it was an omelette?

THE LOST COLLAR-BUTTON.

Just as the train was going out of Wilmington, a tall, thin individual, with faded, ready-made clothes, came into the car.

He had a neck like a pump-handle, and around it he wore a great standing-collar, whose points stood up like a pair of mule-ears.

He sat down, and entered into conversation with a couple of men who were lounging by the stove. Presently something seemed to startle him, and he quickly arose to his feet.

He had lost his front collar-button.

It is unpleasant enough to lose your rear collar-button, and have your collar work up on the back of your head. But losing the front collar-button is a great deal worse, because it releases the ends of the collar, and lets them fly out on your shoulders. That is what took place with the man who boarded the train at Wilmington. As soon as he was on his feet his collar was sawing the air, as though trying to fly off his shirt.

The first thing he did was to feel the button-hole, to see if the button was there. It wasn't.

Then he drew the ends of the collar in place and held them there with one hand, while he felt through his vest-pockets for the missing button. After this he hammered his ribs, under the impression that the button had gone down his neck and would descend into his shoe.

Suddenly, forgetting himself, he let go of the collar-ends, and they flew right up against the sides of his head, and he commenced exploring his clothes, while some one yelled:

"Do you think you swallowed it?"

The man paid no attention to this remark, but commenced looking around on the seat of the car and on the floor.

Still he couldn't find the collar-button, which he imagined must have rolled under the stove, because his collar-button always liked to go under the bureau at home, and he had often laid his eye-balls on the floor to look under after it.

He couldn't well do that on the train, because the brakeman might suddenly open the door and hit him on the head with it.

By this time the ends of the collar were flying all around, and the man tied a piece of cord through the button-holes, and fixed the collar down snug, and tied his cravat.

Before he had his hands off the cravat, the collar was way up under his throat, and the neck-tie looked very gaudy beneath it on his bare neck. That was the time that he asked one of the men for some pins. They made a search and found just one pin. Putting a pin through one thickness of collar is no small triumph; but when you come to forcing it through two thicknesses, you will find that you have a very large circus on your hands.

The man who furnished the pin kindly undertook to insert it: so he got the collar-ends together, and just as he found what he considered a tender spot and placed the point against it, the car gave a lurch, and the pin slipped off the collar, and went so far into the man's neck that he thought for a moment he had entered into business relations with a hornet.

Then another attempt was made. This time the pin bent, but was quickly straightened by the manipulator, who chewed it into shape. Placing the point against the collar once more, the man attempted to push it through with the handle of his pen-knife. But just as it looked as though the pin was going through, the knife slipped, and the pin ran way up into the thumb of the man who was trying to force it through.

All this time the owner of the collar was looking up in the air like a chicken drinking, and making all sorts of curious faces, while he diligently felt through his clothes to see if the collar-button might not be there, after all. But he couldn't find it. On the next essay the pin slipped and went in a crack in the floor, and

they couldn't get it out. Just as they would feel it the car would lurch and throw the pin a little to one side.

All this time the collar was flopping around at a lively rate; but they kept right on their knees, determined to get that pin. About this time the cars gave an awful lurch, and they both lost their balance and went rolling toward the stove.

While rolling toward the stove, the candy-fiend sprung through the door in his usual tempestuous and careless manner, and fell over them, scattering the aisle with candy and apples.

While they were rolling around, all mixed up, a man started for the end of the car to get a glass of ice-water, and stepped on an apple, which shot from under his foot and landed him on the coal, which upset all over them.

The conductor came in and thought there was a rough-and-tumble fight going on.

It took them about five minutes to get on their feet, and then it sounded like Babel or a lot of women at a quilting-bee. But the man didn't find his collar-button, or fasten his collar on, either. He put the latter in his pocket and tied a handkerchief around his neck.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.



OUR DELEGATION.

The Czar seems to be determined that his coronation shall come off, and his crown come on; which is a perfectly natural desire in a man who runs the ranch the way Aleck does in Russia. And, although the mere fact of the crown resting on the alabaster brow of Mr. Alexander or lying up on a shelf does not affect the Czar's absolute authority, still the Nihilists seem determined to prevent it, or to send the heir of the Great Dynamited up the little golden stair.

At any rate, extensive preparations are being made for the great event, and the crowned and somewhat bald heads of Europe are to be represented in the great coronation, or possibly pyrotechnical display, by proxy, so that they may be entirely safe, should there come in a little dynamite act not on the programme. Shrewd fellows, these monarchs!

With the representatives of so many nations, why should not the United States also send their little delegation? We must be philosophical, however, and use discretion in the choice of our representatives. Argue it out thus:

The Nihilists sent the late Czar to glory, and stand a good chance of getting their work in on the present incumbent of the rather unsafe throne; their chances for doing so at the proposed coronation are very good; they promise cheerfully to do so, and their word must mean something with Aleck, for they fulfilled their promise with his royal dad. If all this be admitted, then let it enter into our calculations; let us send men there who will be no loss to our country, even though they be dynamited!

This is philosophical reasoning and good logic.

Let us send such men as John Kelly, of New York; as Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania; as Secor Robeson, of New Jersey.

There are many more we might express to the Czar's picnic, whose presence and participation there would cause the American People to rejoice, should the dynamite pop.

Then, underhandedly, we might give the Nihilists a little aid in blowing to smithereens the whole concourse of guests. Then wouldn't the people rejoice when news was heard of the blow-up! The country might get along a little better, too. But, by any strange concatenation of circumstances, should our delegates return to our country, we might send them on an exploration to discover the North Pole.

THETUS.

The Rural New-Yorker has the following injunction:

"Plant *Lilium longiflorum* and *candidum*; plant *Clematis*, selecting *Jackmanii*, *Lawsoniana*, *Fair Rosamond*, *Coccinea*, *Sophia* and *Henryii*."

We will do it. As soon as the boy gets back we shall send him right out for the seed, and we shall plant it in a herring-box, and set it out on the office window-sill, and in two months more our friends will come in and say:

"Oh! what exquisite specimens you have there of *Lilium longiflorum* and *candidum*!"

And they will also bestow words of praise on the *Jackmanii*, *Lawsoniana*, *Fair Rosamond*, *Coccinea*, *Sophia* and *Henryii*. And we shall feel highly delighted therat.

AND NOW the standard-bearer meanders along Broadway, and tells you the best place to purchase boating-suits. The young man who buys a boating-suit at this time of the year will feel pretty sick next July, when his employer refuses to give him a vacation on the ground of rushing business.

THE CURSE OF DRINK—The Matutinal Head-ache.

AN HONORARY POSITION.



WHY SHOULDN'T THEY LET THE OLD COLORED MAN CARRY THE TARGET? FOR WHEN THE SHOOTING COMMENCES HE ALWAYS HAS TO TAKE A BACK SEAT.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Has Mr. Henry James, jr., ever been naturalized?

Which piece of the Czar is it proposed to crown?

Will the coming man bring his wife the whole of his week's wages?

What is the United States customs-duty on a Galway poor-house?

When Greek meets Greek, which will be taken to the station-house?

Could alms-houses flourish without the aid of medical schools, and *vice-versa*?

If Darwin could have lived to see the dude, would he still believe in evolution?

If Jay Gould leaves Wall Street, will it be because he hasn't room for it in his yacht?

What Florida fisherman originated the saying: "I would rather be drunk than be President?"

When a doctor successfully treats an apoplectic patient, may the case be instances in proof of the theory of the survival of the fittest?

Is there a newspaper in the United States which has not a larger circulation than all other papers in the vicinity?

W. L. S.

THE FAVORITE SONG OF THE LITERARY CRITIC—"Sitting on the Style."

AND NOW you may know
Of the moving disasters
By the general scent
Of the arnica-plasters.

SPRING SEEMS to have been indefinitely postponed this year on account of the weather.

AND NOW the happy urchin
Upon the sidewalk creeps,
And wears out both his trousers-knees
While playing there "for keeps."
And ekes he lively giggles
As he wins the shining "miggles."

VERY SOON now will the young man shave off his winter beard, and look so youthful that he will run the risk of having his salary reduced.

THE BLOSSOM studs the emerald grass,
The country girl digs sassafras,
And in the woodland plucks arbutus;
And the country editor, alas,
Doth stoop
For to scoop
The circus pass.

KEATS, ON ONE occasion, put red pepper on his tongue, that he might enjoy the sensation of feeling a glass of claret cool his epiglottis. He might as well have filled up on claret, and in the morning he would have had on a thirst that he wouldn't have sold for five hundred dollars.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXX.

CITY AND STATE LEGISLATORS.



Ya-as, the longah I weside in this peculiah country the maw am I astonished at the quee-ah class of fellaws who are supposed toweswesen the people in the municipal and pwovincial governments.

It is weally verwy odd. The aververage Amerwican is nevah tired of talking of his aw extwoardinarwy swedom, and of the much gweatah pwivileges he enjoys ovah the Eurwopean fellow, who is always cwually twampled upon by the authorwities. And yet, it appe-ahs to me that in many wespects the fellaws at home, ye know, are a gweat deal bettah off. If some shop-keepah or twadesman votes for an Alderman or Common Councilman, he is pwetty sure of having given support to an honest or an honorwable man. It is twue he may not always be wise or clevh—in fact, sometimes he is ignorant—but there is maw than a weasonable pwospect of his doing his duty and acting to the best of his aw ability faw his constituents.

But in this country—and especially in New York—a man who votes faw an Alderman or pwovincial legislatah is almost certain, in the gweat majorwity of instances, to have intwisted his wights to a fellow little bettah than a mercenary thief or scoundrel. The wate-payah, or citizen, as he is called he-ah, is not of the slightest considerwation.

The Alderman, who is generwally a pot-house pwoprietah, thinks that he has a wight to the position, and the fact that he is supposed to wepwesent the people nevah stwikes his bwain faw a single instant. He will invarwiably urge the appointment of his fwends—pwofessional blackguards—faw public offices, and oppose honest and decent fellaws who are in everwy way well fitted faw the position.

This is a horwid state of things; but it isn't half as bad as the pwocceedings of the beastly fellaws who are allowed to sit in the pwovincial legislature at aw Albany. The gweatah numbah are the most impudent and aw outwageously wretched cweachahs that evah existed. If the citizens had any spirwit, they would lose no time in kicking them out or giving them all a good thwashing. That would be the only way to treat such incorwigible twickstahs and cheats.

The people of New York want a new Aqueduct, which will be wather an expensive affai-ah, and these Albany scoundrels have the shameless effwontewy and assurwance to oppose New York's wish, unless they can be sure of their thieving fwends and contrwactahs having an opportunity of stealing a fai-ah pwortion of the money. And then they aw cap the climax of their indecency by twying to westwain quite wespectable pwivate citizens fwoem pweventing—I may call it—the burglarwy.

The pwincipaw conspirwatahs are, I am given to undahstand, certain individuals connected with a verwy disweputable and offensive politi- cal society which exists he-ah called Tammany Hall aw.

DUMAS HAS written an article entitled "Children's Questions." But none of the following popular questions of children are mentioned: May I have a piece of bread? Will you make Mary Jones stop making faces at me? Give me a penny to buy some taffy? May I stay home from school?

THE OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

THE HON. MR. MUGGINS IS TO DELIVER AN ORATION.

A REMARKABLE PROCESSION.

The grandest event of the 19th century is set down to come off on the 24th inst.—that is, providing it (the event, and not the date,) isn't further again postponed, as in all probability it will be.

We are assured, however, that this time there will be no failure, and that on the 24th day of May the great Bridge, with a capital B, is to be thrown open to the public.

I am to make a speech.

I haven't been invited yet, but I expect to be; and if I am not I will let my angry passions rise, and go and blow the old thing up with dynamite.

I have already begun the preparation of my speech, I shall say:

"Fellow-citizens—"

I ought to say here, however, that I expect to be sandwiched between Dr. Storrs and Mr. Evarts, as a sort of foil to the keen wit and ponderous logic of these great luminaries, so that they will not do each other any violence. Then I will say:

"Fellow-citizens—"

Here I will pause a moment for the tumultuous applause to subside.

My speech will follow the procession.

By-the-way, I want to say a word about that procession. It will be the most remarkable procession that has ever taken place since Adam was a freshman at Yale.

The daily papers have given us the names of a few who will go across the wiry span, linked arm in arm; but there are others who will, then and there, inaugurate an era of human compassion, concession and mutual forgive-and-forgetfulness that will be simply marvelous to behold.

Laying aside all animosities, all jealousies, all heart-burnings and all thirst for each other's gore, this remarkable procession will amble across the bridge, under the eyes of the thousands who will crowd the house-tops, the pier-tops and the ship-tops, hand in hand, in the following order:

General Grant and Mr. Charles A. Dana.

Samuel J. Tilden and R. B. Hayes.

Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine.

Owney Geoghegan and Elbridge T. Gerry.

Theodore Tilton and Henry Ward Beecher.

T. De Witt Talmage and Dr. Van Dyke.

John Kelly and Deacon Richardson.

O'Donovan Rossa and Queen Victoria.

Hon. W. E. Robinson and the British Lion.

Senator Jacobs and James Ridgeway.

Billy McGlory and Anthony Comstock.

Jim Dunn and Judge Morris.

Colonel Mapleson and Mr. Abbey, etc., etc.

These well-known citizens of the United States and Great Britain will be followed by a legion of lesser lights, who have had their grievances with one another, but will then have "made up," and who will signalize the glorious event by joining the emollient procession.

As soon as the procession has passed, I will haul off and make my speech:

"Fellow-citizens—"

I may as well state, right here, that this is not the same speech I prepared some seven or eight years ago, when it was intended to open the bridge; but is a brand new speech, suited to present events and circumstances.

Of course, this is the same old bridge; but so many people have died in the meantime, and so many new political issues have come up since then that the old speech wouldn't be understood by the people of this generation.

I expect to speak something as follows: "Fellow-citizens—"

That is all I have written at present; but I have plenty of time before me, for I notice that the Bridge Trustees, in fixing the time for opening, very wisely omit to state in what year it is expected to occur. It may be the 24th of May, 1883, or 1884, or 1885, or any other year in the future.

I suppose the Queen's birthday has been selected out of compliment to our Fenian friends.

My speech will be exceptionally brilliant. I intend to get off a lot of entirely new gags about the "Bridge of Size," a "Protective Tariff for Revenue Only," "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects," and many other hobbies which I regard as my special trade-marks.

Yours conclusively,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

ON THE dewy April morn,
When the violet is born,
And the rooster loudly croweth
As he grabs the golden corn,
Then the sunbeams to us come,
And as we awake from slum,
We begin to think about the
Proper place to spend the sum.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.



THE IRISH PATRIOT—OLD STYLE.



THE IRISH PATRIOT—NEW STYLE.

PUCK'S PATENT SAFETY PUNS.

ENGLISH HUMOROUS PAPERS PLEASE COPY.

A method has at length been devised by means of which the pun may be deprived, in great part, of its nauseating and toxic qualities. By the use of PUCK's patent device the humorist may at any time relieve his teeming brain of its accumulation of this morbid product, not only without endangering the public sanity, but without the slightest risk of incurring a share of the odium which attaches to the London *Punch* and its local E. C.s. The pun, under this treatment, is deodorized, disinfected, and made as harmless as a wasp that has been divorced from its sting. Children can handle it with impunity, and it may be admitted into families without swelling the statistics of lunacy in the least degree. At the same time, its mirthful and side-splitting attributes in English ears are, it is believed, completely and perfectly preserved.

The public is respectfully warned that this method is intended for foreign use only; it is fully protected in this country by patent, and any infringement will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. A few rights are for sale, however, and may be had by Mr. Eli Perkins, or any other needy and deserving humorist, at a merely nominal figure, upon application to the publisher.

A few practical illustrations of the workings of this new method are given below.

One day, while Film was playing the hose upon the grass-plot in front of his house, his neighbor Filter, a notorious liar, passed by, and accidentally received the stream full in the face. A mutual friend who happened to be by thereupon remarked:

"I say, Film, do you know that while you were playing upon that mendacious creature you reminded me of Apollo?"

"Why?" inquired Film, feeling immensely flattered.

"Because," replied his friend: "you were _____."

On another occasion Film chanced to be crossing the street in the company of the same friend just as an explosion of steam took place, and both were blown unanimously into the air, accompanied by a poor frightened lark that happened to be flying over the spot at the time of the accident. As the three rose swiftly into the ambient ether, Film's friend observed:

"I see you are on the road to health, wealth and wisdom, old man."

"How so?" queried Film, looking dubiously upward at the poor lark which was ascending with them.

"Why, you are keeping such excellent hours. Are you not _____?"

It was not long, however, before Film got even with him. One day the friend, who happened to be a surgeon, was performing an autopsy upon the body of a deceased acquaintance, when Film happened into the room.

"Fie!" said Film: "I never would have believed you could be so rude."

"Rude—why?" rejoined the friend, as he made a long cut down the median line of his ex-acquaintance the cadaver.

"Because," cried Film, triumphantly: "you are deliberately _____."

The reader will have no difficulty in filling in the appropriate puns.

The novelty of the invention lies wholly in the discovery of this remarkable capacity, hitherto quite unsuspected by many English writers, on the part of the reader.

F. E. CHASE.

PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Comical Brown is a roarer.

Griffin Harris has sold two of his dry cows.

Comical Brown at the School-house, next Monday night.

The South Framingham folks are holding a fair in the School-house this week.

If you want to laugh and grow fat, go to Comical Brown's show at the School-house next Monday night.

The West Dalton folks are slow in paying up their subscriptions this year. Best settle up before we publish names!

There has been trouble in the choir of the Centreville Methodist Church lately. Too much of the Perkins family, some say.

Don't forget to take in Comical Brown's entertainment at the School-house next Monday night. It will be a rare treat for every one.

Chester Woodruff says he can chop more hickory-wood in a day than any man in the county. Let's hear from the Larrabee boys!

Lisha Perkins, who graduated from the Academy last Fall, is schooling it in Centreville Hollow. Lisha is a chip of the old block.

Comical Brown has a lot of brand-new jokes this season. The tickets for his entertainment at the School-house on Monday night are going off like hot-cakes.

Silas Deuzenberry, of Wilbraham Centre, has sawed ten cords of wood since the last day of April. Silas is eighty-four years of age, and is as hale and hearty as they make 'em.

While Deacon Podger's boys were hunting muskrats along the Middleville Creek last Friday, they found and killed a black snake that measured four feet in length. The Deacon called on us Saturday morning and paid his subscription.

We haven't tasted anything this year equal to the doughnuts Mrs. Pillings laid on our table when she called to order the printing for the Baptist Fair. We understand that Mrs. Pillings has sent a liberal panful of these toothsome dainties to the Fair.

Mr. William Spillkins, of New York, is in town, the guest of Dr. Swillton. Mr. Spillkins is a young gentleman of talent, and is making himself agreeable to the ladies of the town. He will attend the picnic of the Methodist Church next Friday.

Answers for the Anxious.

Rejected articles are all chewed up
By PUCK's new-bought Assyrian Pup.

K. O.—O. K.

HASELTINE.—She makes no bets upon the Mets.

W. H.—To adopt your own style, puns on "wether" are ewes up.

BEATRICE.—We accept your blandishments; but we decline your poem.

W. J. P.—The artist to whom we handed your sketches is slowly recovering.

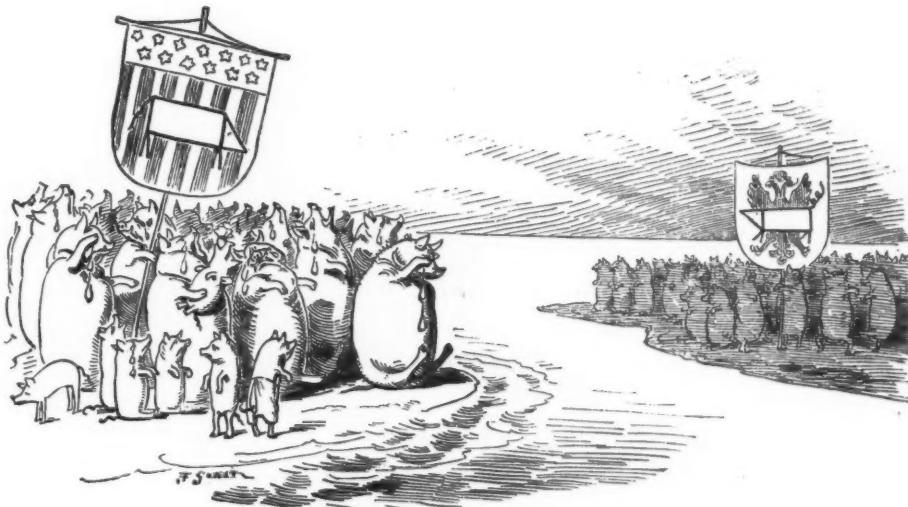
J. F. G.—The idea is all right; but you haven't made much of it. It wants more training and handling to make a hit in the humorous ring. And, tell us, gentle shepherd, tell us why you write on both sides of the paper.

PRINCETON.—You seem not to have been thoroughly hazed. You ought to leave college and go to work in an iron-foundry, acting as buffer for the trip-hammer. That might knock some of the poetry out of you.

W. P. M.—Yes, dear boy, the cities of New York and Brooklyn will grow small by degrees and beautifully less "when they become a-bridged." But our opportunities for filling this paper must become very much abridged before we care to accept that style of humor, even by the bunch.

IRENE ALEXANDRINA.—No, we don't want any correspondence from Vassar College. If we did, we should certainly call on you. But if we were to attempt to print

THE PLAINT OF THE PORKERS.



AMERICA TO GERMANY.

O ye pigs of Deutschland, O our hearts' own brothers,
Weeping we lament ye, separate forever,
Separate by edict of the tyrant Bismarck,
Unappreciative.

Never more to mingle mutual trichinae,
Nor to blend in common in the Teuton stomach,
Yearningly and lonely, each shall fill his mission
Parted by the ocean.

Never more to meet in sympathetic rashes
On the ample table of the sons of Herrmann,
Never more our knuckles shall in friendly contact
Lightly touch each other.

O ye pigs of Deutschland, O our hearts' own brothers,
Weeping we lament ye, but you bet your basement
Kreutzer we can furnish this enlightened country
With its own trichinae.

the society news of Vassar, our sorts of *is* and *es* would give out before we had recorded the doings of half the Mamies and Luties in the establishment.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are just where one might expect them to be, at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, with the natural result. Rejoicings for the coming opening of the great bridge have thus begun. At the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Mlle. Etelka Borry is giving her interpretations of the characters of *Camille* and *Adrienne*, in the well-known dramas. "The Professor" has met with its usual success at HAVERLY'S THEATRE. It has withstood the shafts of serious criticism, and is everywhere received with manifestations of delight; and what more can be demanded of an alleged comedy?

"The Cape Mail" and "The Snowball," now being played at WALLACK'S, do not call for any particular notice. Mr. Clement Scott claims to be the author of one, while Mr. Sydney Grundy pleads guilty to the other. Where the original French authors come in is not stated. Further novelties are announced, and we are glad of it. Callender's Consolidated Spectacular Minstrels have found their way to the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE. There are sixty of them, and, according to the advertisements, they are all "spectacularly colored." Neil Burgess is styled the Jumbo of the arena, owing to his success in "Vim," at TONY PASTOR'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. Although "Caste" has proved a great attraction at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, it has had to be withdrawn in favor of Alberry's "Two Roses," which is performed by Mr. Pitt's strong company with as much regard to scenic effect and correctness of detail as was displayed in the former piece. Maggie Mitchell still reigns supreme at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, and is ringing the changes on "Jane Eyre," "Little Savage," "Fanchon," and "Pearl of Savoy."

"The Princess of Trébizonde" was produced at the CASINO on Saturday night by the McCaull Comic Opera Company, which includes Lillian Russell, Laura Joyce, Madeline Lucette, John Howson and Digby Bell. Last night Balf's "Satanella" was sung at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE. We are informed that the company intends to be English opera what Mr. Abbey is to be to Italian opera. We hope it may be able to carry out its ideas to their fullest extent.

The last act of the present management of the UNION SQUARE THEATRE has been the arrangement for the appearance of a London actress of great repute in "the little village"—Miss Helen Barry—who will be seen next Monday in a play by Tom Taylor, called "Arkwright's Wife." This is a drama of the emotional-domestic order, in which Miss Barry has scored a great success on the other side.

A SPRING SKETCH.

Down
Town
The airy maiden walks,
And to herself she talks
Of the fashions of the spring
And all that sort of thing.
She is happy as the day is long, long, long;
And her hat is full of flowers
As the spring is full of showers,
And her brain 's overflowing with song, song, song.

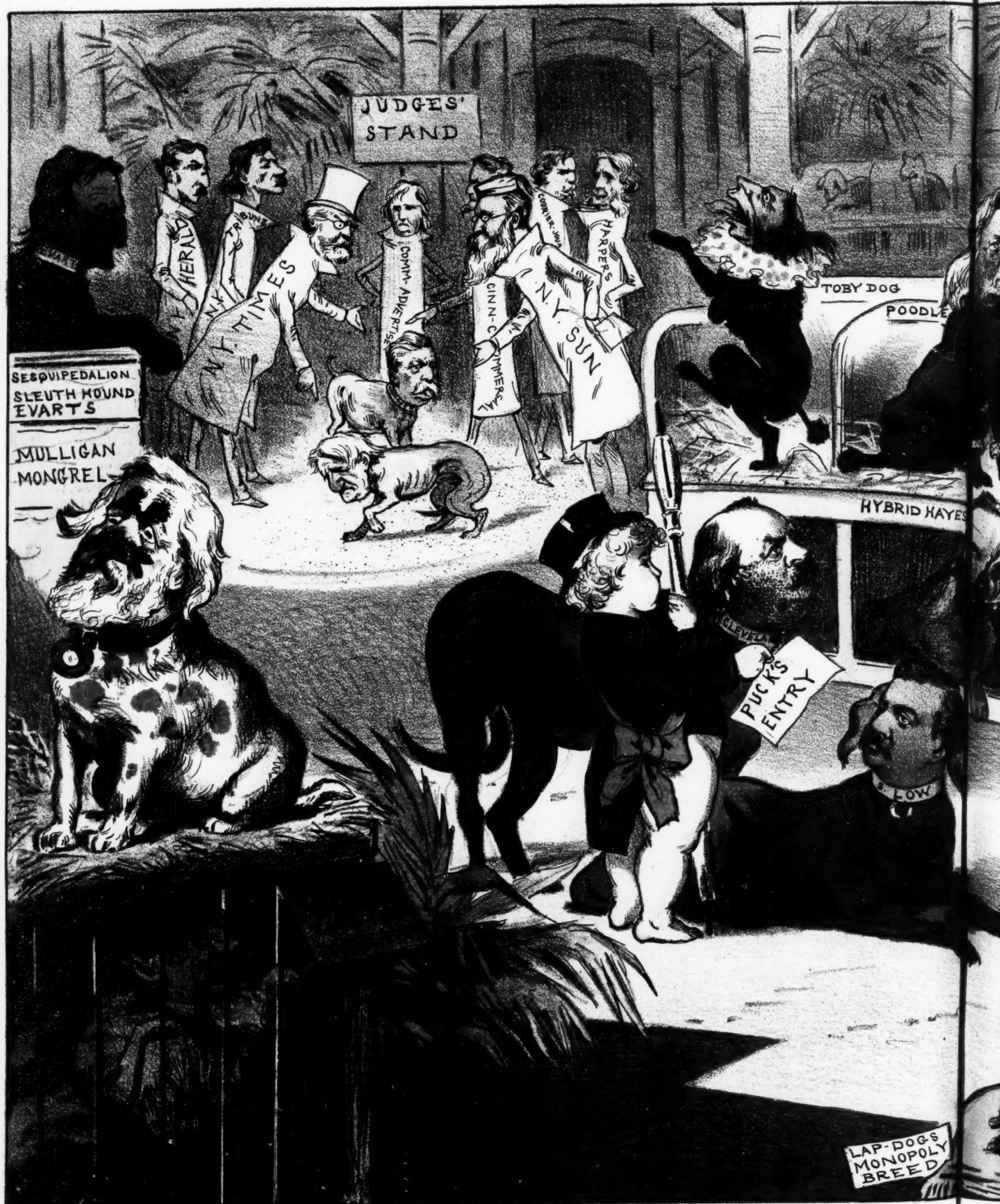
As she trips
Down the street,
Her lips
Do repeat
The half-forgotten wordlets of a song, song, song;
And she stops
All her hops,
All her light and airy hops,
And gazes on the bonnets in the shops, shops, shops.

And she looks upon the gloves,
And she says that they are loves;
And she sees the parasols red and yellow,
And the artificial flowers bright and mellow.

And her soul doth career
In a rosy fairy sphere:
She 's as happy,
She 's as happy
As the day is long.

But her soul is now repining,
For it is the hour of dining,
And her mind is on the dream
For a plate of ice-cream
To alleviate her hunger, and to make her features beam
With a strangely sweet delight.
And then she 'll take her flight,
In manner very fleet,
To 37th Street,
Where she lives in a flat;
And there she 'll anxious wait
For McGregor Wm. Tate,
Who this afternoon will take her to the mat., mat., mat.

In this age of the application of "whitewash" to traditional heroes and heroines with shady characters, the production of "Helen of Troy," a poem by A. Lang, ought not to cause surprise. It proves that Mr. Lang is a classical scholar, and we have also received the assurance of Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury that Mr. Lang is a professional poet of high standing. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.



OUR NATION D



DOG-SHOW.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GOVERNOR BUTLER.



PUCK MAKES HIM AN OFFER.

General—Come on the staff of PUCK. We are ever on the lookout for funny men, and you are the funniest man we know. We always gave you credit for the possession of a certain amount of humor, but never for a moment did we think that you had such enormous reserves to fall back on. All that was necessary to develop it was the Governorship of Massachusetts, and it has been developed in a manner exceeding our wildest dreams. Of course, in making an offer of this kind, we have been guided by your actions and public utterances, and they offer so many excellent points for comment that we scarcely know which ones to point out in order to prove to you how funny you are, and why we are anxious to secure your services on this paper.

Perhaps your veto of the bill to extend the charter of the Ocean Terminal Railway Dock and Elevator Company is as strong evidence as anything else of your playful fancy for odd conceits, and your wild, wise and grotesque combination of ideas. We don't think that we can better justify ourselves in offering you a position on PUCK than in publishing an extract from this veto:

As an example of the necessity for a searching examination, the considerations of exigency in the case of that bill extended to an investigation of the religious characters of the Emperors of Rome in the third century. With all the care and attention the Legislature had bestowed upon that investigation, however, neither branch seems to have discovered the important fact bearing upon the effect of holding land in mortmain; that Philip, the

Arabian, was the Christian Emperor of Rome from the year of our Lord 244 to 249, which would have been discovered, no doubt, if the demands of the public service would have permitted sufficient time to have referred to the letters of Origen and the writings of Eusebius and Jerome, wherein Philip is alleged to be highly honored for his adherence to Christianity, and is styled as one "qui primus de regibus Romanus Christianus fuit." In the necessary haste, the Senate was probably misled by looking after a Christian empire which was established in the fourth century, and not the Christian Emperor who reigned in the third century.

Poor pottering old Pope said that wit was nothing more than things that everybody had thought of, but never expressed so well before. Now, everybody in Massachusetts had thought of Philip, the Arabian, and the writings of Eusebius and Jerome, the law of mortmain, but had never had them brought to their very doors as you have brought them. You have put into your State-papers the culture of the State, and aimed a deadly blow at prosaic documents. This is why we want you with us. Come, benevolent and brilliant Ben, and name your own price.

PUCK.



HERE IS the skeleton upon which to construct a joke:

In the United States there are three factories which consume two millions of eggs every year. These eggs are used in the manufacture of the paper used by photographers. Where the average person has one picture taken, an actor has ten, and eggs are thrown at actors. These facts may be evolved into a joke, and launched at any time of the year.

PROBABLE EFFECT OF HAVING A DUDE PRESIDENT.



PRESIDENT ARTHUR IS VERY FASTIDIOUS ABOUT HIS CLOTHES, AND IS ONE OF THE BEST-DRESSED MEN IN THE COUNTRY.—*Daily Paper*.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.

Received my commission as Post-Master at Mud-Cum-Slush P. O., Virginia. Imposing document. Big yellow seal; signature of P. M. General. Received also from predecessor in office blanks, stamps and outfit generally, item: his blessing. "Thanks for nothing, all the same." Swear in assistant. Nice young man, who has been in the business before.

Read book of "Postal Laws and Regulations," also "Monthly Guide," furnished gratis to Post-Masters. As mine is a fourth-class office, the lowest known grade, (so at least I am bluntly informed by these books,) I am not entitled to post-marking stamps furnished from Department. Decide to buy one. Find a bewildering list advertised in "Guide." Select one. Rubber-stamps, bottle of ink, etc., must send seventy-five cents in stamps with order, guarantee of good faith, etc.; price, \$3.00.

Send. Day after receive from P. O. Dept. post-marking stamp and box of type. Am surprised. Demand explanation from my Experienced Assistant. E. A. does not understand it at all. Hunt all through old "Guides." Find that the U. S. in its clemency, has lately made an appropriation for the purpose of furnishing these things to fourth-class offices.

Had I known this sooner—but no matter. Stamp-house sends postal saying that Government will not allow ink to go through the mails, and will therefore send ink-powders. Two days later P. O. Dept. sends me tin of stamping-ink, pad, etc. This strikes me as inkconsistent. [True *Punch* joke—M. Lemon regime.]

More mystery! Look into the "P. L. and R.," and incidentally make the alarming discovery that the Department does not allow the use of rubber-stamps; only one particular kind of ink. Nor does it allow a Post-Master to use stamps in payment of a bill, of any amount whatever.

This seems to have me everywhere. Guilty on every count of the indictment.

Alas! too late! They come—rubber-stamps, ink-powders, bill and everything. Taking up my faithful "Guide," I find that, in the face of all these Government edicts, all the rubber-stamp men are advertising as cheerfully as ever. This leaves me in a condition bordering on vertiginosity—if the word will connect.

But what is done is done; and, fully impressed with the dignity of my office, I humbly turn to my faithful "P. L. and R." for more instruction, and meet this ukase:

"The figures of the dating-stamp must be adjusted every day; and as soon as this has been done, a clear impression must be made in a book specially provided for the purpose. Otherwise, as usual. Anathema sit."

Now, I took this office January 1st; the dater straggled along to this P. O. on the 13th of February; ink and pad three days later. Of course I can amuse myself, and ink my fingers, some evening, by setting up type and making the impressions in the book from the 1st of January. But would this be right? And would the moral and natural laws continue to move concurrently, as usual, if I did so?

These are the questions with which I am gladiating. Then the penalties for all breaches of discipline (trousers the small boy is licked in—*Morning Journal* joke) make me shiver. Fines and imprisonments are scattered around until the "P. L. and R." read like the English commination service, or the curse of Ernulphus. I also observe that the imperative mood is the only grammatical business recognized by the P. O. Dept., while P. M.s are ordered to cultivate and exhibit a "spirit of accommodation."

I also note with terror that nearly all these Draconian laws fall with merciless severity upon the luckless fourth-class officers. I believe I shall resign.

Finally my eye, wearied with horrors, falls

upon this icy "order," gelid with brutal indifference:

"The P. M. G. has *no* authority to change the law respecting compensation of P. M.s ** Claims for compensation alleged to be due P. M.s because not readjusted from time to time are *not* recognized by this Department as valid; and *no* advice can be given as to the presentation or prosecution thereof." * * *

I have not seen anything done in this spirit since I was ten years old, and a playmate of the same tender age, after snowballing me with snow-ice, fled from my just wrath to the safe shelter of his mother.

I shall certainly resign.

Tyrants are always cowards, (this, by-the-way, is as untrue as are most proverbs; but it will do for my present purpose,) so I am delighted to see that the Department is awfully afraid of the small-pox. The regulations on this point rise to real beauty and pathos, and you are especially ordered (of course) to get virus from a "healthy calf." * * *

I shall resign—I said so before—but I will do it with method. I have just received my February "Guide;" and I find on the 29th page the following ruling:

"SECTION 1127. Upon any package of fourth-class matter the following notice may be printed: Notice to P. M.s. The inclosed package contains sensitive photographic dry plates ** which will be damaged unless examined under a ruby light, etc. *** Upon application of party (wretched, but usual Government style,) addressed, the Post-Master will permit such party to provide for the P.-M.'s use a ruby lamp for examination." * * *

This settles it. A ruby lamp! This is really princely. I hope it will be genuine. All is not Gould that glitters, (old joke, di-cesnolaed,) but I do *hope* it will be genuine; and then I shall resign, taking my lamp with me. * * *

Suppose it should be merely a switchman's red-light! I have no confidence in this Government.

G. la T.

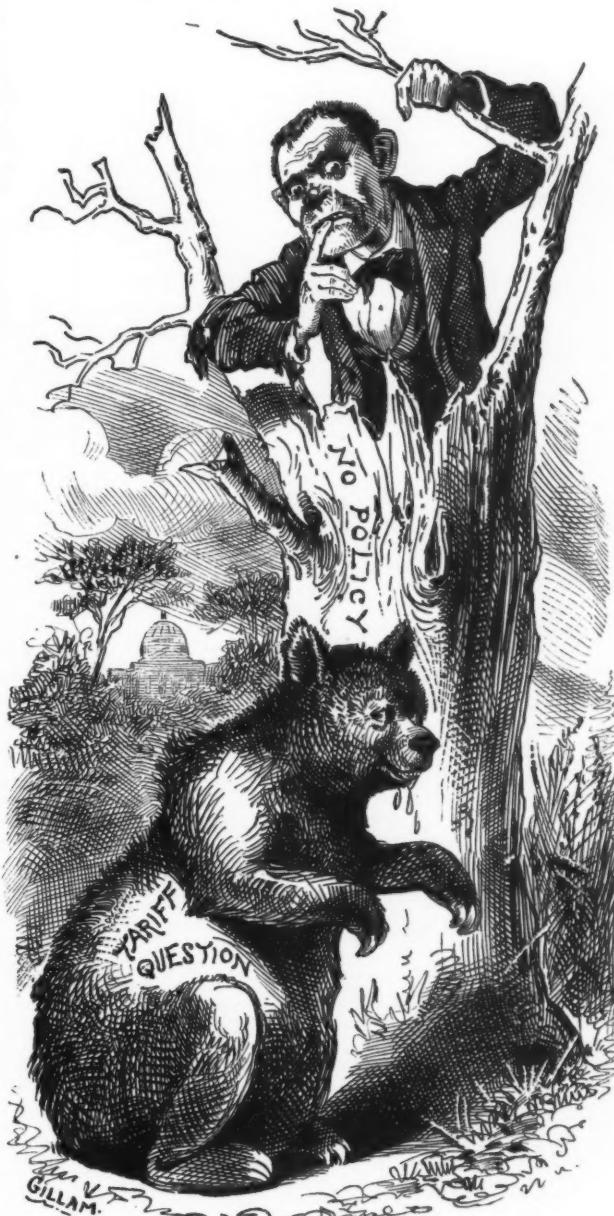
A NEW trick of thieves to get possession of a traveler's baggage is to borrow a baggage-check of a man in a passenger-car for the purpose of opening the catch of a seat, so the seat can be turned over. The unsuspecting traveler lends the check, and the borrower fools around the seat with it, and hands back another one in its place; and the owner of the check never knows that he has been fooled until he gets to his destination and goes after his trunk, when he finds the other man has got it.—*Peck's Sun*.

"SEE here, sir!" exclaimed a Philadelphia grocer, bristling up with righteous indignation, as the milkman made his morning call: "I should just like you to explain how the chalk and white clay that I found in the bottom of my coffee-cup this morning got there."

"Don't know, I'm sure," answered the milkman: "unless you sweetened your coffee with the same kind of sugar that you sold me yesterday."—*Philadelphia News*.

Did you ever think what you would do if you had Vanderbilt's income?—*Norristown Register*. Well, no; but we have often wondered what Vanderbilt would do if he had our income.—*Philadelphia News*.

DEMOCRACY'S DILEMMA.



DEMOCRACY:—"IF I TACKLE IT, IT WILL GET THE BETTER OF ME, AND IF I DON'T I SHALL STARVE!"

THE agonies of house-cleaning will soon be followed by the delights of amateur gardening, and the patient husband will homeward plod his weary way, with his pockets filled with seeds, his arms with agricultural implements, his hair with hay-seed and his heart with heaviness.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS will make a speech at the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. If the bridge is strong enough to bear one of Mr. Evarts's speeches, the trustees will not refuse another offer of \$5,000 from Barnum for permission to allow Jumbo to cross the structure.—*Norristown Herald*.

A GERMAN professor thinks that slates lead to short-sightedness in school-children. A saloon-keeper down-town thinks slates similarly affect some of his customers.—*Norristown Herald*.

A BREAD famine threatened in Vienna. This comes of scattering the Vienna bakeries all over the inhabitable globe.—*Boston Transcript*.

A YALE student swallowed his diamond pin, and is ninety-nine cents out of pocket thereby.—*Norristown Herald*.

"How does a man keep warm at the North Pole?" asked one of the little Sandpipers, as he came home from school the other night.

"I suppose," said his father, grimly glancing toward the kitchen: "that he marries one of your grandfather's daughters before he goes up there."

"And even then," said a shrill female voice from the kitchen: "he doesn't always have sense enough to go there."

The boy didn't exactly understand the explanation and its commentary, and he wasn't old enough to know just what had happened; but somehow he felt it would be pleasanter and safer for him to play on the roof of the house for a little while.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

DELAWARE people are going to have good circuses, or find out the reason why they can't. Mr. O'Brien's circus recently visited Wilmington and was mobbed, the baby-elephant was tarred and feathered, and the consumptive giraffe shot so full of holes that his skin wouldn't hold his principles. Now, if Dr. Talmage could only be induced to go to Wilmington, and—but, pshaw! he won't go, and that ends it.—*Life*.

THE Governor of Wisconsin says his State has trees enough, and refuses to appoint an Arbor Day. If that Governor ever finds himself in the middle of a treeless field, with a mad bull as his only companion, he will change his mind.—*Philadelphia News*.

DURING the winter we feel that we can hold our own pretty well as an average liar; but, now that the circus bill is beginning to adorn the wall, we feel our utter insignificance.—*Evansville Argus*.

MR. TILDEN's political sponsors are endeavoring to make him answer in the affirmative Job's inquiry: "If a man die, shall he live again?"—*Lowell Courier*.

AN amateur poetess anxiously writes: "Oh, where can I find rest?" Get a position as saleswoman in a store that doesn't advertise, darling.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"WE want your custom, not your money," advertises a St. Louis firm. The business men of St. Louis have large hearts as well as large feet.—*Courier-Journal*.

IT'S astonishing how quick the Chinese take to civilized ways. Somebody organized a Chinese base-ball club in Philadelphia, and the first day they whopped the umpire.—*Boston Post*.

CASTORIA.
When the milk curdles, baby will cry,
When fever sets in, baby may die,
When baby has pains at dead of night,
Household alarme', father in a plight;
Then good mothers learn without delay
That CASTORIA cures by night and day.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

Itching Piles speedily pass away by the gentle influence of the Swayne's Ointment.

Now Ready:
"PICKINGS FROM PUCC."
64 Pages, PUCC Size. Over 300 Illustrations.
Price, Twenty-five Cents.

A CYCLONE OF POPULARITY has welcomed the introduction of EAPENSCHEID's spring style of Gentlemen's hats, which for artistic beauty of design and acknowledged excellence has never been excelled. Make your purchase at the favorite salesroom, 118 Nassau St.

ON THE PLAINS

CHOLERA!! BAD WATER!! EXHAUSTION!!

SHORT, SHARP and **DECISIVE** are the attacks of Cholera and severe Cramps, and the trouble requires like treatment.

In TRAVELING, a man is oftentimes tied up in a bow-knot in a few minutes, and before he knows it, by Cramp. If he has a bottle of Brown's Ginger (THE GENUINE) with him, he can easily be made as comfortable as he desires by taking a dose or so in HOT water. Remember! hot water should be used, if possible, to produce prompt effect.

REMEMBER!! BROWN'S GINGER, the Genuine, is protected by the Steel Engraved Label, U. S. Internal Revenue Stamp, and new additional Trade Mark in Red, White and Black.

**PHILADELPHIA,
FREDERICK BROWN.**

WATCHES for the Million.

The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest size in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases, from \$6 to \$150—all reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Earrings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs, etc., at prices in reach of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds.

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A CHICAGO physician undertook to explain to his little daughter the difference between the two schools of medicine. He reflected for some time as to how he should express it in the simplest and most intelligible way. Finally he informed her that the difference consisted in this: That homeopathy meant small quantities and allopathy meant large quantities. His daughter, catching the idea, promptly exclaimed:

"Then I know what old Mrs. Parker meant when she said sister Mary was out of proportion. She's got a homeopathic nose and allopathic feet."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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Winston, Forsythe Co., N. C., March 15, 1880.

Gents—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters.

Very respectfully,

REV. H. FREDERICK.

Rochester, N. Y., March 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—Please accept our grateful acknowledgement for the Hop Bitters you were so kind to donate, and which were such a benefit to us. We are so built up with it we feel young again.

OLD LADIES OF THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

Delevan, Wis., Sept. 24, 1880.

Gents—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. ROWE.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1880.

Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; it has done for me what four doctors failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic.

W. L. CARTER.

If you have a sick friend, whose life is a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters will restore that friend to perfect health and happiness.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1881.

"It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day since I took Hop Bitters.

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

Evansville, Wis., June 24, 1882.

Gentlemen—No medicine has had one-half the sale here and given such universal satisfaction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles.

SMITH & IOR.

Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.

Hop Bitters Company—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

DR. A. PLATT, Treatise of Chronic Diseases.

Superior, Wis., Jan., 1880.

I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters was doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of disease, and as I had been troubled for fifteen years with neuralgia and all kinds of rheumatic complaints and kidney trouble, I took one bottle according to directions. It at once did me a great deal of good, and I used four bottles more. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our place using Hop Bitters for their family medicine, and are so well satisfied with it they will use no other. One lady here who has been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles.

LEONARD WHITRICK.

What it Did for an Old Lady.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

Gents—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. A lady of over seventy years had been sick for the past ten years; she had not been able to be around. Six months ago she was helpless. Her old remedies or physicians being of no avail, I sent forty-five miles and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such an effect on her that she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. After taking two bottles more she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbors', and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias K.

Chambersburg, July 25, 1875.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for many years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing. I heard of Hop Bitters, and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough gone. I think it my duty to let the people know how bad I was and what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches, freckles and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her

BALLADE OF LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

'Tis a subtly sweet suggestive phrase,
But the simple soul who is lured thereby
Will make a sorrow for many days.
In secret oft will he moan and cry,
And vote the thing a tremendous lie;
For it means, this phrase that sounds so fair,
A world of trouble and toil and care,
And a wild, distracting wish to go
Away from it soon and anywhere:
I speak of the things whereof I know.

It means all little transparent ways
To hide away from the common eye
The fact that your bread and butter stays
In your desk; that you bake and boil and fry
In a single dish. It means to try
To hang your garments, the best you wear,
In a folding-bed, that last despair
Of honest souls; and, bitterest blow,
It means a kitchenny-parlor air:
I speak of the things whereof I know.

It means to shrink 'neath the stern amaze
Of the lordly butcher's and baker's eye,
Apologizing in meek dispraise
For your modest wants; to rave or sigh
Over the fangs of the boughten pie.
'Tis to pray a strong, heaven-reaching prayer
For the meal a man pronounces "square,"
And to be once more in life below,
Free from that peace-destroying snare:
I speak of the things whereof I know.

ENVOY.

Ye who are tempted this life to share,
Pause ere ye enter the tiger's lair;
Consider the truth I fain would show,
For with hand on heart I firmly swear
I speak of the things whereof I know.
—Carroll Perry, in *Good Cheer*.

It is said that Thackeray never breakfasted until nine o'clock, although he arose four hours earlier. He must have lost his collar-button with reckless regularity.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

WHY is a deacon like a hat-band? Because he passes around the hat.—*Burlington Free Press*.

face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

Honest Old Tim.

Gorham, N. H., July 14, 1879.

Gents—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

T. M. BURCH.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars in search of health, and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home.

A. LADY, Augusta, Me.

I had been sick and miserable so long, causing my husband so much trouble and expense, no one knowing what ailed me. I was so completely disheartened and discouraged that I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural; but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! Long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."

THE MOTHER.

My mother says that Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—*Ed. Oswego Sun*.

Luddington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.
I have sold Hop Bitters for four years and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate.

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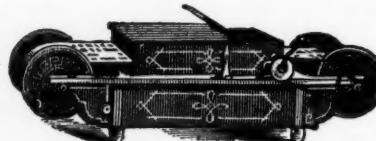
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